

*L. Cham.* What is't for?

*Lon.* The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,  
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

*L. Cham.* I'm glad 'tis there;  
Now I would pray our Monfieurs  
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,  
And neuer see the *Louure*.

*Lon.* They must either  
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants  
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,  
Abusing better men then they can be  
Out of a forreigne wife dome, renouncing cleane  
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,  
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;  
And vnderstand againe like honest men,  
Or pack to their old Playfellows; there, I take it,  
They may *Cum Praeilegio*, wee away  
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

*L. San.* 'Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases  
Are growne so catching.

*L. Cham.* What a losse our Ladies  
Will haue of these trim vanities?

*Lonell.* I marry,  
There will be woe indeed Lords, the flye whorsons  
Haue got a speeding trick to lay downe Ladies.  
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

*L. San.* The Diuell fiddle 'em,  
I am glad they are going,  
For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now  
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,  
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady  
Held currant Musicke too.

*L. Cham.* Well said Lord Sands,  
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

*L. San.* No my Lord,  
Nor shall not while I haue a stump.

*L. Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going?

*Lon.* To the Cardinals;  
Your Lordship is a guest too.

*L. Cham.* O, 'tis true;  
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,  
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be  
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.

*Lon.* That Churchman  
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,  
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,  
His dewes fall euery where.

*L. Cham.* No doubt hee's Noble;  
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

*L. San.* He may my Lord,  
Ha's wherewithall in him;  
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,  
Men of his way, should be most liberall,  
They are set heere for examples.

*L. Cham.* True, they are so;  
But few now giue so great ones:  
My Barge stayes;  
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else, which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford  
This night to be Comptrollers.

*L. San.* I am your Lordships.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Hoboyes.* A small Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a  
longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen,  
and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests  
at one Doore; at an other Doore enter  
Sir Henry Guilford.

*S. Hen. Guilf.* Ladyes,  
A generall welcome from his Grace  
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates  
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes  
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her  
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:  
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.

Enter *L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lonell.*  
O my Lord, y'are tardy;  
The very thought of this faire Company,  
Clapt wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young Sir Harry Guilford,  
*San.* Sir Thomas Lonell, had the Cardinall  
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,  
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

*Lon.* O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,  
To one or two of these.

*San.* I would I were,  
They should finde easie penance.

*Lon.* Faith how easie?

*San.* As easie as a downe bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Harry  
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:  
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,  
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:  
Pray sit betwene these Ladies.

*San.* By my faith,  
And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue Sweet Ladies,  
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:  
I had it from my Father.

*An. Bul.* Was he mad Sir?

*San.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;  
But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,  
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

*Cham.* Well said my Lord:  
So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,  
The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies  
Passe away frowning.

*San.* For my little Cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hoboyes.* Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.

*Card.* Y'are wel come my faire Guests; that noble Lady  
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry  
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,  
And to you all good health.

*San.* Your Grace is Noble,  
Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thanks,  
And saue me so much talking.

*Card.* My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:  
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*San.* The red wine first must rise  
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,  
Talke vs to silence.

*An. B.* You are a merry Gamster  
My Lord Sands.

*San.* Yes, if I make my play:  
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:  
For tis to such a thing.

*An. B.* You cannot shew me.

*Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.*

*San.* I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

*Card.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.

*Card.* What warlike voyce,

And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;  
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a *Servant.*

*Cham.* How now, what is't?

*Serv.* A noble troupe of Strangers,  
For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,  
And hither make, as great Embassadors  
From forraigne Princes.

*Card.* Good Lord Chamberlaine,  
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue  
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our preface, where this heauen of beauty  
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

*All rise, and Tables remov'd.*  
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all; and once more  
I thowre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

*Hoboyes.* Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like  
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They  
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-  
lute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they praid  
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame  
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,  
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,  
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)  
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct  
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat  
An houre of Reuels with 'em.

*Card.* Say, Lord Chamberlaine,  
They haue done my poore house grace:  
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankses,  
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

*Choise Ladies, King and An Bullen.*  
*King.* The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,  
Till now I neuer knew thee.

*Musicke, Dance.*

*Card.* My Lord.

*Cham.* Your Grace.

*Card.* Pray tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em by his person  
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom  
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Whisper.*  
*Cham.* I will my Lord.

*Card.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confesse  
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Card.* Let me see then,  
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make  
My royall choyce.

*King.* Ye haue found him Cardinall,  
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:  
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,  
I should iudge now vnhappyly.

*Card.* I am glad  
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

*King.* My Lord Chamberlaine,  
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

*Cham.* An't please your Grace,  
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,  
One of her Highnesse women.

*King.* By Heauen she is a dainty one, Sweet heart,  
I were vnmanly to take you out,  
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,  
Let it goe round.

*Card.* Sir Thomas Lonell, is the Banket ready  
I th' Priuy Chamber?

*Lon.* Yes, my Lord.

*Card.* Your Grace

I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

*King.* I feare too much.

*Card.* There's fresher ayre my Lord,  
In the next Chamber.

*King.* Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,  
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,  
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,  
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame  
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?  
2. O, God saue ye:  
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. Ile saue you  
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony  
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there?  
1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.  
1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty?  
1. Yes truly is he,

And condemn'd vpon't.  
2. I am sorry for't.

1. So are a number more.  
2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke  
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd  
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.  
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,  
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of